

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



Designed for the Advancement of the Young.
President Joseph F. Smith, Editor. Salt Lake City, Utah.
Published Semi-monthly
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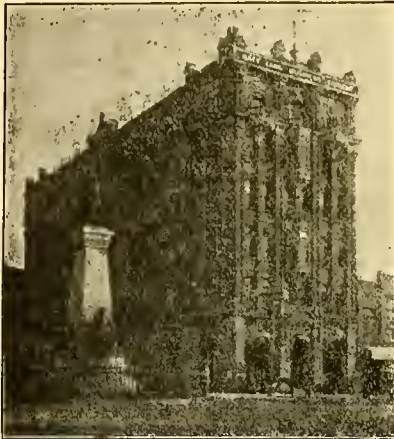
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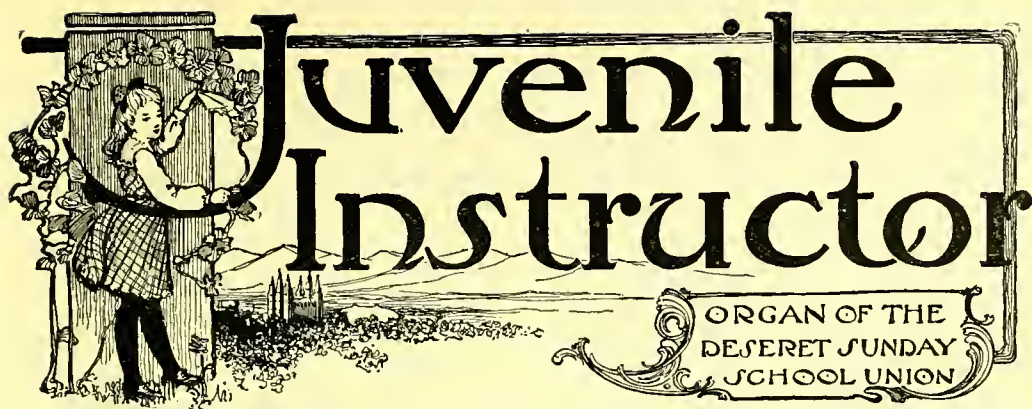
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VOL. XXXVII. SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 15, 1902. No. 22.

OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY.

II. THE PEOPLE OF THE OUTERMOST ISLAND.

WHY people happened to settle on the outlying islands off the coast of Norway, is a mystery to all visitors. There are better localities on the larger islands, near the shore; and Norway, itself, is not densely settled. Still the islands have their attractions to a seeker after wealth, and to those who have adventurous dispositions. The constant battle with nature, in which all of the seafaring persons of Norway are constantly living, develops in them a love of danger, and of places where nature seems to show her wildest moods. It may have happened, too, that fishermen have been driven by some storm away from the shore or their native islands, and have found a refuge in the havens of some of the outermost islands. If they happened to land in the spring or summer when the flower-glory was upon the island it may have seemed an attractive place of residence; and the sudden love which this inspired led them, perhaps, to establish homes on the islands, which when winter came, could not readily be moved back. Then, fishing is exceptionally fine about the islands that lie far away

from the coast. The herring, the salmon and the codfish seem to gather in stupendous shoals in the comparatively shallow ocean that is invariably found in the neighborhood of the islands. It was soon discovered that to obtain the best fish and the greatest catch, it was necessary to go far out into the ocean, and the outlying islands thus became the nearest stations for food supplies and fresh water. For these various causes people settled on the islands and their descendants, who knew no other homes, were content to look upon them as desirable as the homes of their friends, who lived near the shore.

Though it is probable that the first settlers were men and women of exceptional strength and courage, since cowards would not dare to face the hard life of the islands, yet the life of the place to which the people are subjected has so impressed their natures as to fix upon them certain prominent characteristics. The Norwegian fisherman on the outermost island is strong of body, stern of mind and tender of feeling. He goes about with the memories of the loss of his nearest ones, who were carried away

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by some sudden storm, and he awaits with a certain resigned dread the time when the ocean shall be too much for him and shall swallow him up with his earthly ambitions. This fills him, naturally, with a sad sternness which is often mistaken for pride or gloom by those whose acquaintance with the country is limited. On the other hand, while he sits in his little boat miles

tenderness in this people. The man who unflinchingly will carry the dead bodies of his friends from the boat into which they were brought after the last fatal storm, will tremble and weep at the sorrows of a little child. In the same way they show an infinite kindness to animals which indeed is one of their most beautiful traits.

It requires a sharp eye and careful



FISHERMEN OF THE OUTERMOST ISLAND.

The Two on the Outside are in Full Fishing Costume. The One in the Middle is too Old for Active Service, and Remains at Home to "Turn" the Drying Fish.

away from the shore gathering in the fish, his thoughts revert to the wife and children and other loved ones at home who are anxiously watching the sky to note whether or not there is a possibility of storm, and his heart grows tender in these thoughts, which his occupation allows him to continue throughout the day. Thus, it is not uncommon to find a strange blending of sternness and

thought at all times to live in safety and to prosper amidst the tumultuous activity of the ocean. This has developed a degree of intelligence in the people that is remarkable considering the distance which they are from larger communities, and the apparent uniformity of their lives. Mail reaches the islands once or twice a week and the best newspapers are found in every home. One

of the first questions asked me on arriving at the outermost island in the summer of 1898 was, "What is the latest about the Dreyfus case? What is the sentiment about the case in Germany?" I soon discovered that the fishermen had followed the course of the case much more closely than I had done. In all the leading questions of the day they are up-to-date.

The people possess an intensely religious nature, sometimes bordering on fanaticism. A person cannot live in close communion with nature, and witness her many moods, without being touched by the feeling that behind the phenomena of the world, behind the colossal ocean waves, the snow white breakers, the tearing wind and the anxious mind; behind the gentle sunshine, the mirrored ocean, the island flowers and the heart at peace, is the Master of Storm and Rest. No infidels are found upon the islands; there are many who have refused to obey the rules of the established church of the country but these worship God as truly, and their God is one that they can better understand than the being defined by the priests. All the people are anxious to hear of greater truth, if any is to be found.

One evening I came to one of the larger houses of the island, located in a small village of perhaps fifteen families. The host was a pillar of strength among the people. His body, six feet tall, was as erect under the weight of sixty-five years as was that of his young nephew of twenty-five. His eye was sharp, looking frequently seaward and skyward, following the thoughts of the brain that dwelt on the fish catch of the next day. The nose was prominent and the chin firm though delicately moulded. With a courtesy I have seldom known among those of so-called higher culture, I was

taken in and given the best that the house afforded, which was good, indeed. Toward eight o'clock my host asked if I would like to go to bed. I supposed that early hours were the rule, besides, I was tired from the day's journey, and was shown to my room in the other end of the building from that in which the large dining-dwelling room was located. I had hardly got into bed when I heard sounds of music from the other end of the house, then followed an interval, in which I thought I heard someone talking or reading, then there was more music, then talking again, and so on until nearly ten o'clock. The next evening I refused the eight o'clock invitation to go to bed; I wanted to join in all the fun. A little after eight o'clock the young men and women of the village and many older ones came into the large room. When no more came the host seated himself at the head of the large, long dining table, while his audience partly sat and stood; he then announced a hymn from an old collection of songs written nearly two hundred years before by the quaint Norwegian fisherman-preacher-poet Peder Dass. Then all joined in and sang with a will the tender words of devotion of the ancient poem. After the song a chapter from the Bible was read; then another song was sung, and after that my host recited poems and tales, from book and from memory, of the rich legendary history of Norway.

At times, between, a song was suggested or a selection on the guitar, the only musical instrument, aside from the flute and the violin, that I saw while on the islands. About 10 o'clock the host arose quickly, and said, "It's time to go to bed." In five minutes the room was cleared. The incident seemed like a tale of long passed days, but it gave me an insight into the training that the young received. Such entertainments repeated

whenever work and weather permitted, stimulated the minds to good thoughts, and nourished the intellect; and the thought occurred to me that a variation of this form of entertainment could be provided in our Utah homes. With an easy grace, most of the people who have grown up on these islands, can quote from memory, much of the best literature of the country.

Now, lest it be thought that these islanders are perfect, it must be said that they are jealous of their rights; fiery of temper, and somewhat revengeful of past injuries. A stranger who comes among them is looked upon with suspicion, and,

should he prove himself in any way unworthy, would receive as cold treatment as the world can give. They are stubborn, and slow to accept new practices. Though at times the men must battle for their lives, the main portion of their labor is light; and the men are inclined to ease. They are tolerably good to each other. They use few words; but are stronger in their actions, and mean a hundred times more than they express in words or actions. Above all they have a strong love of honesty; a thief loses complete standing; and truth is revered among them.

John A. Widtsoe.



IS OBEDIENCE WORTH WHILE?

HUMAN nature is all for bargaining. We want to compound with God. He asks for something clear and specific, and we endeavor to compromise with something else. Saul had been told to pursue a definite course. He refused, but thought to satisfy God with something he had not been told to do. It would not avail. God asked obedience. Sacrifice was not obedience. What God asks is what He wants.

Saul disobeyed God for his own gain. He wanted the sheep and oxen. Then, in the same way that a heathen would have reasoned, he proposed to placate God with an offering of part of that which he had kept for himself. This is contemptible in the eyes of God and of man. The man who has gained a million dollars by dishonesty cannot cleanse himself by giving a hundred thousand dollars to

a college or a hospital. Thieves are not acquitted of guilt by offering some of their booty to the church. Disobedience to the moral laws of God cannot be atoned for by charity. And the principle holds in smaller things. It is no compensation for habitual roughness and self-will in your home life to give to wife or child, to brother or sister, to father or mother, a present at Christmas time, or one caress, or a purse of money. You cannot make amends by some one isolated act for habitual breach of the royal law of love.

And not only are the claims of obedience so strong against the practice of all that is unworthy, but they are strong against what we may think to be worthy. What God bids us to do we are to do. If He tells me to keep a dairy, I have no right to go as a missionary. If He bids me to deal in silk, I have no right to

open a bakery. If He bids me to give my life to lowly service, I have no right to run away to high office. God means each one of us to do His will for us; and, however man may rank work and dignity, God's work for us is in His eyes the greatest and noblest work we can do.

"Ah, think not if thou are not called to work
In mission field of some far-distant clime
That thine is no grand mission.
Every deed that comes to thee
In God's appointed time
Is just the greatest deed that thine could be,
Since God's high will appointed it to thee."

No life, or deed of life, is beyond the range of assigned work from God. Everything that we are and do falls within the range of obedience and its demands. There is nothing secular for us. Whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we are to do all to the glory of God. This gives to life a holy glory and strength. Even the humblest task is a fulfillment of God's will. We no longer drift, we live under the survey of a ruling Father,

guiding us perfectly in love. All our duties are His assignments, and of each of them we can say, "In this I am obeying God." What can withstand this?

All that God has to give He gives to those who do all that He bids them to do. Obedience shows men to be in harmony with the order of God, and in that order and harmony are to be found perfect peace and strength and joy.

Obedience is the supreme law of all life.

"Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they:
But the head and the hoof of the Law and the haunch and the hump is—Obey!"

Disobedience is anarchy. Men fall apart from coherence then. Each man's will is each man's law, and the end is lawlessness.

If you want a rule of life, adequate, pacifying, take this one: "Whatsoever He sayeth unto you, do it."

Sunday School Times.



WITH THE ELDERS.

PART IV.—IN PHILADELPHIA.

ONE hundred years ago, journeying from New York to Philadelphia meant a long, tiresome, and, to some extent, dangerous undertaking, not to be accomplished in less than two days' hard driving. This morning it is our pleasure to board the Pennsylvania Railway train and cover the distance in less than three short hours.

We are pulled into the beautiful Broad Street Station, near the center of the city, and in a few minutes are on our way to Green's Hotel, the place with which so many "Mormon" missionaries are familiarly acquainted. We leave our grips and at once set out to see places of interest and to learn what we can of the city.

But at the outset our minds take a

long ride back into history and even over the ocean to London. There we picture to ourselves the little baby born in the home of Admiral William Penn. We imagine the baby grown up and attending the Oxford University. Here he listens to the preaching of eloquent Thomas Loe and is finally persuaded to join the Friends or Quakers. We remember reading how the Admiral tried in vain to get his son to abandon the Quaker faith, and how the young devotee was treated and imprisoned for entertaining and advocating his beliefs.

The English government owed Admiral Penn a large sum of money (\$80,000) to which William fell heir at the death of his father. King Charles II being greatly in debt found it hard to meet his obligations and was glad to liquidate Penn's claims by granting him a tract of land west of the Delaware River in America. The king, however, took the honor of naming this new area and called it Penn's Wood's or Pennsylvania in remembrance of his faithful friend, the Admiral.

Next we find Penn gathering his persecuted brethren and fitting them out to sail across the Atlantic to his new country. We follow these colonists on their trying voyage, and then see them digging holes along the bank of the Delaware River. In these they lived until better homes could be made of logs from the surrounding forests.

In 1682, or the year following, Penn himself accompanied a party of one hundred colonists to Pennsylvania, and the year after that, he laid out this beautiful city and named it Philadelphia, a word meaning "Brotherly Love."

During the same year he made his famous treaty with the Indians under a big elm which stood not far from our present location. We can hardly believe the site of this populous city was

then covered with woods, filled with savages armed and ready for war. The Quakers were few in numbers and carried no weapons; but Penn's skill in jumping, etc., together with his firm, kind, and honest disposition won the savages to "unbroken friendship," and for sixty years or as long as the Quakers held control, the people of Pennsylvania had no trouble with the natives.

Penn's government for the new colony was based upon his saying, "Liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery." Hence the people made and enforced their own laws, and as a result the "Holy Experiment" in government proved such a success that people by thousands flocked into Penn's colony and city. Indeed the "Quaker City" grew so rapidly that by the beginning of the Revolutionary War it was the largest and most important city of America. Philadelphia had grown more the first five years of its existence than New York had in fifty. Today it claims a population of about one million three hundred and fifty thousands souls, thus ranking third among the great cities of America.

Philadelphia, like Salt Lake City, was planned and laid out before any permanent buildings were erected in it, and since then, so we are told, scarcely any changes have been made in the original map, save that of extension on account of the enormous growth. The streets are wide, straight, clean and in good repair. In the residence parts they are lined with neat, two-story homes made of beautiful red pressed brick obtained from the rich clay beds not far out of town. It is said more workingmen own their homes in Philadelphia than in any other large city in the world, and that no other large city has such a small proportion of poor people. Owing to the

wide streets, low buildings and spreading area, the town is blessed with an abundance of sunlight, fresh air and "breathing room" not met with in other places we have visited.

We find the people all actively engaged, but still not in such a hurry, go-ahead rush as in Chicago or New York, and somehow we fancy they are more considerate and sociable; at any rate, although strangers, we feel quite at

On the monument are engraved the following words:—

"Treaty ground of William Penn and the Indian Nation, 1682. Unbroken Faith."

The old Treaty Elm was uprooted by a wind storm in 1810 much to the sorrow of Philadelphians and of all true Americans. Even the British seemed to cherish the old land-mark for when they occupied Philadelphia during the



PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

home with them in their interesting city.

The direction we take from Green's Hotel finally brings us to Kensington in the northeastern part of Philadelphia. Going along Columbia Street for some length we come to Beach Street and then a short distance north locate the plain monument marking the place where once stood the elm under which Penn and the Red men made their "solemn promises of mutual friendship."

Revolution, their commander, General Simcoe, stationed guards under it to prevent its being cut down for firewood.

We feel blessed in having the privilege of standing on ground once shaded by the wide-spreading Treaty Elm, so long a "living monument" to the greatness of Penn, and we wonder what story the old tree would have told to later generations could it but have spoken.

The street car returns us to the center of the city and we pay a visit to Christ

Church on the corner of Fifth and Arch streets. Entering the old churchyard we locate a plain, modest slab of white marble bearing the name of Benjamin Franklin. He was buried here in 1790 and we are informed that twenty thousand persons attended his funeral. The space immediately next to his is occupied by the grave of Mrs. Franklin.

As we stroll up Market and Chestnut Streets, the thought comes that along here Franklin took his first walk in Philadelphia on arriving from Boston. He

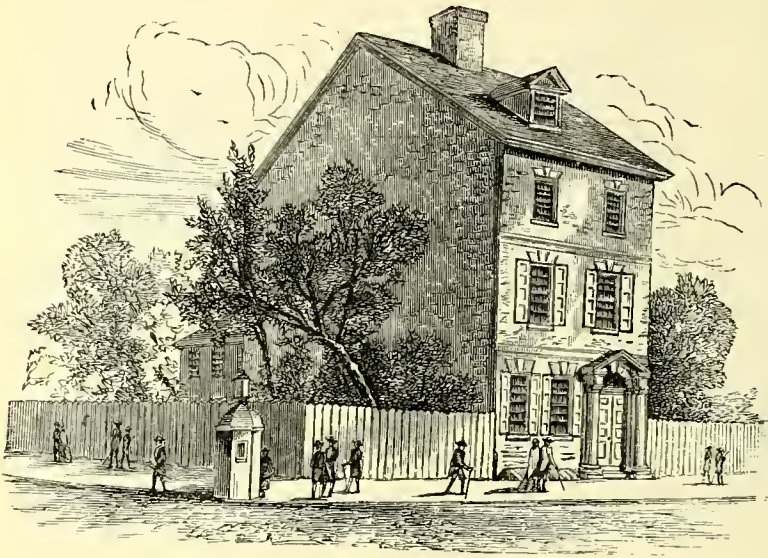
ter's Hall. Visitors are made welcome. We enter and find ourselves in the room where the First Continental Congress convened, September 5 to October 26, 1774. Every one of the colonies, with the exception of Georgia, was represented, making an assembly of men of diverse faiths and religions. Indeed the differences in their religious views were so great as to cause some discussion on the motion to open their deliberations with prayer. It was then that Samuel Adams, though a strong Puritan, said "he

could hear prayers from any gentleman of piety who was at the same time a patriot," after which he moved to invite an Episcopal clergyman who was present to serve the convention.

The efforts of these meetings resulted in the Declaration of Rights of which the great William Pitt says, "the histories of Greece and Rome give us nothing to equal."

This room also greeted the members of the Second Continental Congress, May 10th of the following year. It was during this session that George Washington, one of the delegates, was placed at the head of the American or Continental Army to defend the colonists against the British forces.

A little farther up Chestnut Street, not far from our hotel, we visit one of the most noted buildings in all America—Independence Hall. Compared with other buildings in the neighborhood, it



FRANKLIN'S HOUSE, IN WHICH HE DIED.

was attired in muddy clothes with pockets stuffed full of stockings and shirts. We try to picture him with his "three great, puffy rolls," carrying one under each arm and munching away at the other. "Thus," says Franklin, "I went up Market Street, passing by the door of Mr. Reed, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance."

At the corner of Chestnut and Fourth Streets, we come to the historic Carpen-

looks somewhat old fashioned, but still shows that the best of care is being taken of it. The structure was erected in 1729-34 and since then has been quite an important object in American history.

Going in at the central doorway and turning to the left we come into the East Room or Independence Hall proper. Here in the middle of 1776 met the congress which gave the building its worldwide fame. We honor this congress for framing and adopting on July 4, the famous Declaration of Independence.

Just before signing the document, John Hancock, the president, calling the attention of the delegates again to the seriousness and gravity of the situation said, "We must all hang together." "Yes," added Franklin, "or we shall all hang separately."

Around the walls we see portraits of all but twelve of the patriots who signed

the document and on the east side is a fac simile of the Declaration, the original being now at Washington, D. C.

We also have the opportunity of seeing many of the chairs used by the dele-

gates and are particularly interested in the tall-backed one used by the president. On this is still found the emblem of the sun about which Franklin said he often wondered if it meant the rising or the setting sun of American freedom. We examine the table whereon the Declaration of Independence was signed and then turn our attention to the old original "Rattlesnake" flags bearing the well remembered motto, "Don't tread on me."



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Leaving the East Room we are directed across the entrance hall into the West Room or National Museum. In a conspicuous place is hung the noted painting by West of "Penn's Treaty with the Indians." Among other relics found

here we pay close attention to the little desk upon which the Declaration of Independence was written, the silver inkstand used in signing the Declaration, the original charter of Philadelphia, a piece of the Treaty Elm, a lounge

used by Washington at his lodgings while attending congress.

Before leaving the building we "size up" old Liberty Bell, suspended in a glass case by a chain composed of thirteen links, each link representing one of



SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

the Thirteen Colonies. The bell was first cast in Whitechapel, London, in the year 1752. It bore the verse taken from Leviticus xxv: 10, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Some over-enthusiastic American has said these words were put on in the wrong country; for when the bell was rung the first time in America, it was cracked and rendered unserviceable. It was, however, recast in Philadelphia, bearing the same verse, and on July 8, 1776, proclaimed in very deed, liberty throughout the land.

So regarded was Liberty Bell after fulfilling its "prophetic quotation" that it was sounded only on special national occasions, the last being the death of Chief Justice John Marshall, July 8, 1835. While tolling that sad news the bell was once more cracked, after which it was removed to its present location for protection and for public inspection.

Continuing up Chestnut Street we pass our own hotel and come to Wanamaker's store. It is the largest in Philadelphia, covers an entire square, and gives employment to over four thousand five hundred people; this number being greater than the total population of Coalville, Sandy, and Payson.

To the west of Wanamaker's extensive store we see a white marble structure having an Ionic portico. At the door an officer or guard is on duty. This building is the home of the largest mint in the United States, which institution was established in 1792 under the direction of President George Washington. Visitors are admitted free. We join the crowd already gathered at the door and are soon accompanied by a special guide whose duty is to assist strangers in understanding the processes of money making.

First we are shown into a vault containing millions of dollars' worth of gold

and silver bullion. Thence we go to the smelting room where the bullion is being smelted, refined, and moulded into wedges of gold or silver. Neither the gold nor the silver is perfectly pure as some may suppose for in going through the smelting process a small but certain per cent of copper is added, thus making the metals harder and consequently more durable. The wedges, or ingots as they are called, are about as wide as a silver dollar, two inches thick, and a little more than a foot long.

The next process is of rolling the ingots. This is done by running them between steel rollers until they are squeezed and "stretched" into strips no thicker than the coin into which they are to be made.

Following the strips of precious metal, we come to the Cutting Room. The long drawn metallic bands are now run through machines and by means of vertical steel punches are cut into round pieces; dollars, dimes, etc., as the case may be.

Each piece or blank is next weighed to see if it has the right amount of metal and then all are taken down into the basement. Here they are thrown into a vat containing acid which readily removes all foreign particles from them.

After thus being cleansed they are dried and taken up into the Coining Room. Here we find the heavy coining machines whose duty is to stamp the "official seal" upon the coins. The blanks are fed through long tubes which conduct them, one at a time, between two shiny dies. The lower die bears the negative picture of one side of the coin while the upper bears the negative of the other side. These dies coming together under enormous pressure stamp the familiar impressions upon the blanks, thus finishing them ready for circulation.

In an upstairs room we find a very interesting collection of coins, both from America and foreign countries. Perhaps the most interesting of the whole lot is the "Widow's Mite" dug up from the ruined Temple at Jerusalem.

From the mint we turn to the right and come again to the new City Hall, close to Broad Street Station. The Hall covers a greater area than is covered by any other building in America. The

central tower, five hundred and ten feet in height, is surmounted by a bronze statue, thirty-seven feet high, of William Penn, made by working men of Philadelphia.

We go to the station to see if our trunks have been taken safely to the wharf and then return to our rooms where we engage in writing letters to loved ones at home.

Delbert W. Parratt.



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

MISSIONARY OR TRAMP.

TO be respected, one must respect one's self. No man can expect to enjoy the regard and esteem of others, if he does not hold at least at a fair value, himself and the business in which he is engaged. Almost any legitimate business can be made to appear reputable if its representative holds himself respectable, conscientious and clean. On the other hand, the most creditable calling may appear unworthy and mean if those who engage in it disregard their manhood and permit themselves to be considered inferior. A man who is ashamed of his calling would do better to give it up at once. To be successful in any line he must first be convinced himself of the worthiness of his profession and the truth of his representations.

A missionary who goes out into the world with a shame-faced air and an apologetic spirit is hypocritical, to say the least, and unworthy of the message he bears. One who, even though he

possess sufficient boldness and firmness, considers himself a sort of mendicant, and one against whom, by reason of his appearances, people have a right to be on their guard, should not be surprised if people take him at his own estimate of himself. The world may be slow to think as well of some men as they think of themselves; but it is rare indeed to find any man rated higher in the opinion of his fellows if he is continually depreciating himself. One of the most talented and energetic missionaries we ever knew was wont to address his associate Elders, in his letters to them, as "My dear fellow tramps;" and in his communications he alluded familiarly to experiences which were not without comparison with those of the tramp fraternity. But he addressed at last an Elder with the right sort of spirit; and his answer was, "You may consider yourself a tramp if you so desire, and I shall be sorry to hear you say so; but I decline to allow you to consider me one. My calling is an honorable one, my labors are among the poor, I am poor

myself; but I do not allow anyone, least of all a friend, even if in joke, to give me an approbrious name and to sneer at my faith in traveling without purse and scrip, trusting to the Lord to provide." The rebuke was severe but it was needed; and it accomplished all that could have been desired.

One must not be content with mediocrity, either in himself or in that which he represents. Even if conscious of many personal imperfections, there is a dignity and respect due to the cause one represents or the message he bears which it is his duty to maintain. The spirit is therefore to be commended which prompts our Elders to seek out prominent persons, men of official and social rank, making their acquaintance and endeavoring to make friends of them against a possible time of need. The Gospel of Jesus Christ needs no apology, and no one who knows it or delivers its tidings need be ashamed of it. The highest and mightiest among the children of men do themselves honor, if they did but know it, in befriending those who preach it and in assisting their mission. The young Elder who, introducing the Gospel to a heathen people, wanted to deliver his message to the king and to ask for the use of a vacant palace as a place of meeting, was more nearly right than his associates, who, after much persuasion, were willing to compromise by making a call upon the chamberlain.



CONTRADICTIONS—THE NEW YORK PRESS AND DR. LE PLONGEON.

THE growing inclination to respect more and more the name of the Prophet Joseph Smith, is seen in the recent newspaper and other reports that have circulated about New York City since the recent tragedy in which Mrs. Pulitzer lost her life, as alleged, at the hands of

a grandson of President Young. All Latter-day Saints duly realize that no man who yields obedience to the teachings of the Church could ever sanction, much less commit, the crime of shedding human blood. However absurd the false notion of the so-called blood atonement may be to the Saints at home, there are nevertheless those who assert its existence as a part of our doctrines. The newspapers of New York have of late indulged in the most contradictory statements imaginable about the Saints. The same page of the same paper will contain statements and illustrations that are at almost complete variance with one another.

In the beginning of the Prophet's mission and for many years past the whole tenor of comments upon his life was of an evil character. In recent years, however, his name is beginning to assume a somewhat more favorable mention by a few who begin to comprehend that the character of those who are carrying on the work he was instrumental in inaugurating is not to be dismissed with a sneer and that there must have been somewhere and somehow superior virtue in the man. How perfectly true the words of the Angel Moroni, given to him in 1823, are. In that vision he says he was told by the angel "that his name should be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds and tongues, or that it should be both good and evil spoken of among all people."

A striking illustration of the thoughtful consideration paid to his work is shown in a letter recently received from the president of the Eastern States Mission, wherein Elder McQuarrie writes: "I visited Dr. Augustus LePlongeon yesterday, and he made some very remarkable statements in relation to the Book of Mormon. He said the man who wrote that book evidently knew more

about ancient America than all the scientific men in the world, and that some of the facts that it records could not have been known short of inspiration."

*Dr. LePlongeon is an eminent explorer of American ruins, who has added greatly to his fame by his discoveries of the ruins of the Mayapan empire in Yucatan. The words of so competent an authority on the civilization of the aborigines of this country are entitled to some consideration.

The attitude toward the life of the prophet has never been one of passing indifference. About him all men have had the most pronounced opinions. By those in sympathy with his great work his name is held in profound reverence, while those who disbelieve his mission condemn him in unmeasured terms.

The same is true of the Book of Mormon which is gaining more respectful consideration from impartial men and honest investigators. The words of Dr.

LePlongeon are encouraging because they are true. But they are merely a beginning of the recognition that science and research must pay to the book which God revealed to the prophet, a book whose growing importance can hardly be estimated. The Latter-day Saints should appreciate what the book has done in confirming their testimonies, and it will yet be more than ever before a testimony to the world of the divinity of its mission. Jesus told the ancient Jews they were called to be the salt of the earth, but if they rejected their calling they were good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of man. It was the highest or lowest. There was no middle ground. So with the Prophet Joseph, the Book of Mormon and the Saints. There is no compromise, no halfway place. They must be in the mind of the world either altogether good, or uncompromisingly bad.



REPORT OF THE WEBER STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THE following report of the condition of the Sunday Schools of the Weber Stake of Zion was read at the quarterly conference of that stake, Sunday, October 19, 1902:

We have experienced great satisfaction during the past three months, in viewing the progress made in the Sunday School work through the diligent efforts of the officers and teachers of the schools of the stake, and are also able to state that they are working in perfect harmony with the Stake Board, and

seem determined to place the Sunday School work upon a higher standard.

We anticipate great results from their efforts, through the Local Board meetings held in each ward, as it is here that the best thoughts of all are incorporated into plans for the education and advancement of the youth under their care. The support extended to us by the Bishops of the various wards, has a tendency to add strength to the organization as they willingly relinquish the services of the officers and teachers, at their ward meet-

ings, on the second Sunday of each month to allow them to attend our Sunday School Union, which has proven to be a medium of great strength to the stake organization, and directly extends its influence to the schools in the various wards. We are highly pleased with the support received from the stake presidency, as they render valuable suggestions and uphold the principles which govern the Board in their labors towards the advancement of the Sunday School work; without which our efforts would be fruitless and the work would not be so easily performed. We are pleased to state that there is a slight improvement in the per cent of punctuality and attendance in most of the schools and we hope to still increase this until 100 per cent shall be attained.

The stake choristers' class, organized by Bro. Joseph Ballantyne, for the preparing of choristers to assume the responsibility of their positions, has been successfully conducted for three years past with very gratifying results. In many schools where choristers were lacking they have been supplied and in others the capabilities of the musical leaders have been very much improved. Next month this class will again be organized, each ward being entitled to a membership of four. No tuition is charged for membership; Bro. Ballantyne giving his services free of charge. It is to be hoped that the Bishops and superintendents will not fail to avail themselves of this excellent opportunity to promote the musical welfare of the children in their respective wards. The date for beginning work will be announced at the next regular union meeting, at which time the names should have been selected of those desiring to join, so that we may know what membership to expect.

The children's singing classes will likely begin again very soon. Much depends, however, on the interest manifested by the superintendents and Bishops. We feel that our future musical hope lies with the children, and, if we give them the opportunity for development along this line, we may expect greater musical excellence when they grow up than we now have. The charge for tuition amounts to so little that it is within the reach of the poorest among us. We have felt a great solicitude for these classes, knowing that our future in music depends largely upon the seed that we are now planting.

The plan of work outlined is such that the schools, if they have sufficient number in attendance, will immediately feel the benefit because the children, besides their sight-singing course, are drilled upon the various songs used in the department where they attend.

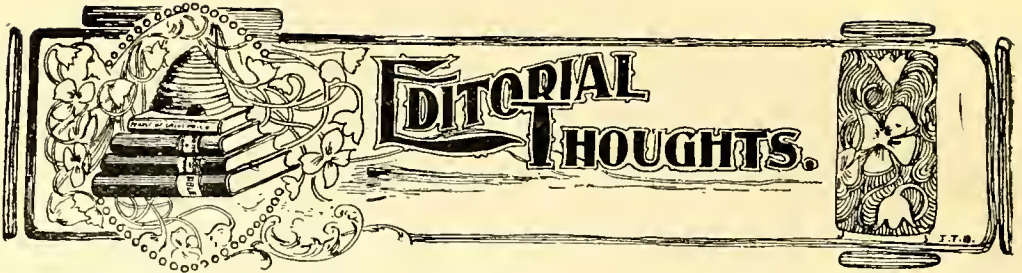
We sincerely hope that the Bishops and superintendents will appreciate the value of this work, and aid in the permanency of these classes.

Ever praying for the success of the Sunday School cause, we are sincerely,
*Stake Superintendency of Sunday
 Schools by Thos. B. Evans, Supt.*



"PREMIUMS"—CORRECTION.

IN the list of Premiums published in our issue of October 15th, is a much regretted omission. No premium is announced for schools having a total enrollment of between one hundred and two hundred. The paragraph omitted read: "5 Volumes [of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR] to the Sunday School having an enrollment numbering between one hundred and two hundred (officers teachers and pupils) which, compared with its numbers, this year pays the highest proportionate Nickel Donation."



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, NOVEMBER 15, 1902.

OFFICERS OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION:
 Joseph F. Smith, - - - General Superintendent
 George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent
 J. M. Tanner, Second Asst. General Superintendent

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD:
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 Thomas C. Griggs
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 J. M. TANNER, - - - } ASSISTANT EDITORS
 GEORGE D. PYPER, - - - BUSINESS MANAGER

PERSONAL PURITY.

WE have lately received a very interesting letter from a Bishop in the Church, asking a number of questions in relation to sins against chastity. The following thoughts grow out of the Bishop's enquiries:

There are said to be more shades of green than of any other color, so also we are of the opinion there are more grades or degrees of sin associated with the improper relationship of the sexes than of any other wrongdoing of which we have knowledge. They all involve a grave offense—the sin against chastity, but in numerous instances this sin is intensified by the breaking of sacred covenants, to which is sometimes added deceit, intimidation or actual violence.

The Lord in the days when He gave His laws unto Moses for the guidance of ancient Israel, manifested that He held some of these offenses in greater abhorrence than He did others by the differing penalties which He affixed to the varied offenses. In some cases a payment of money was all that was required, in others nothing less than the death of the offenders would satisfy the demands of His justice. Much as all these sins are to be denounced and deplored, we can ourselves see a difference both in intent and consequences between the offense of a young couple who, being betrothed, in an unguarded moment, without premeditation, fall into sin, and that of the man, who, having entered into holy places and made sacred covenants, plots to rob the wife of his neighbor of her virtue either by cunning or force, and accomplishes his vile intent.

Not only is there a difference in these wrongs, judging from the standpoint of intent, but also from that of the consequences. In the first instance the young couple who have transgressed can make partial amends by sincere repentance and by marrying. One reparation, however, they cannot make. They cannot restore the respect that they previously held for each other; and too often as a consequence of this loss of confidence their married life is clouded or embittered by the fear each has that the other, having once sinned, may do so again. In the other case others are most disastrously involved, families are broken up, misery is forced upon innocent parties, society is affected, doubt is thrown upon

the paternity of children and, from the standpoint of Gospel ordinances, the question of descent is clouded and pedigrees become worthless; altogether, wrongs are committed both to the living and the dead, as well as to the yet unborn, which it is out of the power of the offenders to repair or make right.

In ordinary conversation we commonly apply the word adultery to all offenses against chastity. When we particularize we speak of seduction, fornication, adultery, harlotry, rape, etc. We believe it is the same in the revelations of God. The word adultery often embraces or includes all kindred offenses. Legally it is difficult to define adultery, there are so many varying decisions. In the Church it is understood that when two persons, both married, commit this sin they are both guilty of adultery; when one, either the man or the woman, is married and the other unmarried, the married one is guilty of adultery, the unmarried of fornication. In ancient Israel, however, owing doubtless to the existence and recognition of polygamy under the Siniatic law, there was in some cases a great difference in the penalty. If a married man committed the offense with a woman on whom no other man had a claim by marriage, covenant or betrothal he was required (Deut. xxii: 29) to take her as a wife; but he could not put her away all his days, "because he had humbled her," but if a married or betrothed woman thus sinned the law was that both she and the man should be stoned.

Sometimes an argument is advanced to limit the provisions of the law of God, as given in the book of Doctrine and Covenants, both with regard to punishment and to forgiveness to those who have entered the House of the Lord and received their endowments. This is not possible as so many of these provisions

were given in revelations published several years before the Saints were permitted to receive these holy ordinances, indeed, before any temple was built. The law as given, we believe to be general, applying to all the Saints. But undoubtedly when, in addition to the actual offense against the laws of chastity, covenants are broken, then the punishment for the double offense will, either in this life or that which is to come, be correspondingly greater and more severe.

Joseph F. Smith.

THE NEW PLAN OF SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDIES.

THE general plan of studies to be used from the beginning of the new year in the Sunday Schools of the Latter-day Saints, is now in the hands of the printer, and copies will, in good time, be ready for distribution. For the information of officers and teachers we here print the letter of instructions from the General Superintendency that forms a preface to these plans:

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS.

While the following outlines are given to harmonize and grade the work of the several departments of the schools, and to serve as an instructive guide to teachers and students, we desire at the outset to emphasize the necessity of the life-giving element of all religious instruction; namely, the Spirit of God which is so helpful in awakening a love in the teachers for their students. A prayerful preparation is, therefore, essential to the successful use of the plans here outlined.

Leading and experienced Sunday School workers have kindly rendered the Deseret Sunday School Union Board their assistance in the preparation of the

accompanying outlines, which, it is believed, will prove helpful to all who will faithfully use them.

It may be necessary in time to rearrange, amplify, and perhaps change some of the lessons. Without claiming for them the best that could be done we, nevertheless, bespeak a kindly welcome for these outlines on the part of the teachers and students.

The following general plan has been adopted for the sixteen years of successive class work in the Sunday Schools. *The ages assigned are only suggestive.*

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT—AGES 4-6.

First Year—Biographical Stories from the Scriptures, Nature Stories, Songs and Exercises.

Second Year—The same as first year, except that the lessons are slightly advanced and changed to meet the growth of the child.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT—AGES 7-8.

First Year—Biographical Stories from the Old Testament.

Second Year—Biographical Stories from the New Testament.

FIRST INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT AGES 9-12.

First Year—Biographical Stories from the Book of Mormon.

Second Year—Old Testament, Biographical.

Third Year—New Testament, Life of Christ.

Fourth Year—New Testament, Lives of the Apostles.

SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT— AGES 13-16.

First Year—First half of the Book of Mormon, Historical.

Second Year—Second half of the Book of Mormon, Historical.

Third Year—Church History.

Fourth Year—First half of the Old Testament, Historical.

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT—AGES 17-20.

First Year—Second half of the Old Testament, Historical.

Second Year—New Testament, Historical.

Third Year—Doctrines of the Church.

Fourth Year—Doctrine and Covenants.

If the kindergarten and primary be considered one department for purposes of grading, it will be noticed that each department covers four years. If it becomes necessary to have more than one class in a department, it will, perhaps, be preferable to have two or four classes. Where there are two classes the lower can begin with the first year, and the higher, with the third year. In case of four classes in a department, the plans permit four different grades, corresponding to each year's work. It is desirable where there is but one class to the department, that all classes of the several departments begin with the first year, even though the work may be in some respects a repetition of the preceding year, as it is believed that the methods of treating the subject according to the outlines will afford sufficient additional interest to hold the attention of the students. Where there are two or four classes they may begin at the third or at the commencement of each of the four years as the case may be.

The teachers are reminded that the work of the year is classified according to months, and it is therefore expected that all the classes will commence the first lesson designated for each month on the second Sunday, the first Sunday being fast day. Special assistance in the lessons given through the columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR can then

reach, in advance, all teachers treating the same lesson at the same time.

In conclusion, we desire to say that the chief purpose of these outlines is the cultivation of faith in the children of the Latter-day Saints, and the development of their devotion for this great

latter-day work. A knowledge, therefore, of Church history will be very helpful in all the subjects taught.

We are your brethren,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,

GEORGE REYNOLDS,

JOSEPH M. TANNER,

General Superintendency.



SOME OF OUR POETS.

EMMELINE B. WELLS.

A REMARKABLE woman with a remarkable record is Sister Emmeline B. Wells, of Salt Lake City. Proud of her Puritan descent, she has more than realized in the course of her eventful life the best and highest ideals of her heroic ancestors. It were lofty praise indeed to say that any of them equaled her in sublime spiritual idealism—a fruit of the Gospel in its fullness—or surpassed her in the toils and sacrifices whereby are demonstrated integrity, love of truth, reverence for God and sympathy with humanity. Though essentially literary, loving-romance, all but worshipping nature, a maker of verses from childhood and best known for the voluminous productions of her pen both in poetry and prose, she is also recognized as possessing marked executive ability, and is appreciated for her affectionate, altruistic nature, her kind, charitable heart and her talent for imparting instruction. Frank and outspoken, almost to bluntness, her soul overflows with generous impulses, and she is an ever ready help to the needy, the sorrowful and the

afflicted. Her marvelous memory is an encyclopedia of facts upon any subject in which she is interested, and her office,



EMMELINE B. WELLS.

even her home, is a Mecca for tourists and visitors in quest of information per-

taining to her people and their institutions. Needless to say she is a very busy woman; work is her most congenial atmosphere, her very breath of life. Did we not know that labor is conducive to longevity, we might wonder that one frail little woman, with a life full of sorrows and cares, however rife with nervous energy and vitality, could have endured so long and accomplished so much.

Emmeline Blanche Woodward—for that was her maiden name—was born at Petersham, Worcester County, Massachusetts, February 29, 1828. She was the seventh child of ten, whose parents were David Woodward and Deidama Hare. The Woodwards came from England in the year 1630. They were of noble Norman extraction and military renown, fighting at Hastings, Agincourt, Edgehill, and upon other fields of fame. One of her father's ancestors was killed in King Phillip's war, 1675; the brother of her great-grandfather gave money to pay the patriot soldiers at the battle of Concord; while her grandfather and father served respectively in the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812. Her passion for romance, especially for knightly and patriotic deeds, is thus accounted for.

Her literary gifts are more from the maternal side. As a child she was given the best educational advantages that could be obtained, and was so quick to learn that she graduated when very young. At fifteen she taught school.

A year or two before, in 1841, her mother had been converted to Mormonism, and with her younger children baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. "Emmie," as she was called, was away at the time attending a select school for girls, and boarding with a married sister. Both daughters responded to the mother's invita-

tion to come and hear the Elders, but were not impressed as she had been. At home, after the school term closed, Emmie attended the Mormon meetings, and yielding to the maternal importunities finally consented to be baptized. The baptism took place March 1, 1842, in a little brook on their own land. The day was very cold, and the ice had to be cut, to prepare for the administration of the ordinance. Seven persons were baptized, Emmie, the youngest, being last. Great excitement prevailed in the town, threats were made by the civil authorities, and ministers, judges and other notables came to the water's edge to forbid her baptism, or at least to learn if she were submitting to it of her own free will and choice. It was a trying ordeal for the young girl, but she felt some potent power buoying her up; she told her mother that the crisis was past, and thenceforth she would dedicate her life to the work in which she had enlisted. She kept her resolve, then and there laying all upon the altar of her faith.

At school, the year after, she endured much ridicule, being the only Mormon student, and her teachers, with others, were constantly endeavoring to persuade her to renounce the unpopular faith. What her sensitive nature suffered during that period and what the conflict in her secret soul, could not be told in words. The mother, knowing her daughter's temperament, and fearing that in her intense desire for a higher education she might possibly yield to the entreaties of relatives and friends, arranged to send her to Nauvoo in a company of Latter-day Saints who were soon to migrate thither. That she might have proper care and protection, she was persuaded to contract a marriage with the son of the president of the local branch, an influential Elder,

and go as a member of his family. The young couple scarcely knew each other but were mutually attracted, and on Sunday morning, July 29, 1843, the Probate Judge performed the ceremony uniting James Harvey Harris and Emmeline Blanche Woodward in marriage. The bride was but fifteen years and five months old on her wedding day, and utterly unacquainted with the responsibilities of the marriage state. What wonder that she was urged, even then, to make her romantic life the subject of a novel.

The journey westward was begun in April, 1844. Though pained at the parting, her mother, for the reasons given, was glad to have her go. The first important event that followed was her meeting with the Prophet Joseph Smith at Nauvoo. She was thrilled by the very hand-shake of the mighty man of God, and received, as she declares, a strong and sure testimony of his divine mission. This was not many weeks before the martyrdom. She heard him deliver his last sermons and addresses, and noted the wondrous power that accompanied them. During that troubled time she secured the abiding faith that helped her through the trying ordeals then unfolding in her history.

Immediately after the Prophet's death her husband's father and mother left the Church and moved away from Nauvoo. They wished to take their son and his wife with them, and made them liberal offers—for they had considerable wealth—but the young couple refused to go, thereby sacrificing their prospects. They had some means, and Brother Harris soon secured employment, but those were not the days of plenty. They had their religion to comfort them, and received various testimonies of its truth. Before and after the martyrdom the young husband stood guard many nights

as a member of the Nauvoo Legion. He and his wife were present at the memorable meeting when "the mantle" of Joseph fell upon Brigham in the eyes of the assembled Saints.

Sunday the first day of September came, and with it the birth of a babe, a beautiful little boy, who at eight days was blessed and named Eugene Henri Harris. The child was stricken with chills and fever, which had previously brought the young wife to the brink of the grave, and on the 6th of October, 1844, he died. Herself healed by the prayer of faith under the administration of President Brigham Young, the bereaved mother wrote then the tender little verses published in her book of poems, "Life's Sweetest Flower Seems Gone."

Another heavy sorrow followed fast. Her husband, who up to this time had been tender, kind and solicitous, left Nauvoo never to return. It was on the 16th of November that he bade her an affectionate farewell, and took steamer for St. Louis, promising to return in about two weeks. She watched, waited, wept and prayed for his coming; but in vain. A letter came, full of sympathy for her, telling her to go to La Harpe to his father, mother and brother, and he would soon rejoin her. But follow the apostates she would not. To her faith, now dearer than ever, she clung tenaciously. One more letter came, then all was over; not another word did she ever receive from him. He had yielded to parental influence, exerted chiefly by his mother. Unable yet to do work of any sort, his broken-hearted wife was now alone and helpless.

It was under these circumstances that she accepted the offer of a home from a maiden lady, who lived alone, a sister in the Church with whom she had traveled from Albany to Nauvoo. Miss

Bishop was her name. She was a cousin to the wife of Bishop Newel K. Whitney. By Mrs. Whitney and her husband Sister Harris was taught the principle of plural marriage, and subsequently she became a member of the Bishop's household. During the latter part of her residence at Nauvoo she taught school.

In September, 1845, her mother, her two younger sisters, Adeline and Ellen, and her brother Hiram came from the East, and in the following February, after having received the ordinances of the Lord's House in the uncompleted Temple, she bade them farewell and joined the exodus of her people. She little knew that it was her final parting with the mother to whose faith, zeal and devotion she owed so much, and whom she expected would follow in one of the later companies. The heroic woman was among those ruthlessly expelled by the mob from Nauvoo, and was stricken down with fever and ague, due to hardships and exposures on the bleak and rainy shores of Iowa. While still sick she climbed into a wagon and made a strong effort to rejoin her daughter and friends upon the Missouri; but when about seventy-five miles out she died and was buried by the wayside in an unknown grave. Her motherless little ones arrived at Winter Quarters greatly in need of care and attention. There Emmie again taught school. In the year 1848 they all came with Bishop Whitney to Salt Lake Valley, leaving Winter Quarters in May and arriving here in October.

The Whitneys camped on the site now occupied by the Latter-day Saints' University. There on the 2nd day of November, a few weeks after her arrival, in the wagon in which she had crossed the plains, and amid a terrific storm of wind and sleet, Sister Emmeline Whit-

ney gave birth to a daughter, Isabel Modalena, who is today Mrs. S. W. Sears of Salt Lake City. On the 18th of August, 1850, another daughter was born to her, Melvina Caroline, now Mrs. W. W. Woods, of Wallace, Idaho. On September 23rd of the same year Bishop Whitney died, leaving her a widow with two babes. She had a staunch friend in the Bishop's first wife, Elizabeth Ann Whitney, and between her and that sainted mother in Israel there always existed a most tender affection.

In the year 1852, for six months the young widow taught school in a little log school house on what is now Fourth East Street, between First and Second South. In October of that year she married General Daniel H. Wells, by whom she had three daughters, Emmeline (Emmie) born September 10, 1853; Elizabeth Ann (Mrs. John Q. Cannon) December 7, 1859; and Martha Louisa (Lonie) August 27, 1862. From 1852 to 1888 Sister Wells resided on State Street, a little north of where the Hotel Knutsford now stands. It was in commemoration of her long residence there that she wrote the following tender verses, a popular favorite with the many admirers of her poems:

THE DEAR OLD GARDEN.

My dear old garden! still I call it mine;
And mine it is, for in its grateful shade
Of ev'ry tree, and shrub, and flow'ring vine,
My children and my children's children
played.

Round these my aching heart instinctive clings,
And they to me are sweet and tender things.

Under those trees I've sauntered to and fro.
In search of hidden gems of precious thought,
Perchance some wayward fancies all aglow
Have been in chains of measured rhythm
caught,
For rustling leaves, and sighing boughs have
stirred
The depths of love no living voice hath heard.

And here young lovers, plighted vows have
given,

And sealed them with the first, fond ling'ring
kiss

That hallows love, and makes earth seem a
heaven,

A sweet enchanted dream of rapt'rous bliss
When two pure hearts, in confidence and truth,
Unite their joys and hopes in early youth.

These trees and shrubs, and ev'ry bush and
vine,

We've watched from tiniest seed and stem;
Why then should I not always call them mine?

For in my heart of hearts I treasure them.
No matter how neglected now they be,
They were a part of my home life to me.

Yes, I remember sitting there so well,

With baby in n y arms and children round;
And a sweet peace hung o'er me like a spell,
While the white blossoms fluttered to the
ground;

For the young apple trees were just in bloom,
And we were breathing in their sweet per-
fume.

O, how the childish voices loud and clear,
Rang out in laughter and in merry song;
No wonder that to me the place is dear,
To which so many memories belong,
O, would those days but come to me again
'Twould ease my heart of all this racking
pain.

O, little ones, 'mong the long tangled grass,
Where buttercups and clover nestled down;
Or like a shadow flitting as you pass,
To gather hollyhocks in "silken gown,"
Or pull the morning glories from the vine
Which gaily round the fav'rite tree entwine.

And honeysuckles fragrant were and fair,
And on them humming birds swung to and
fro.

But something fairer, sweeter still was there;
A little maiden singing soft and low:
O, that melodious voice we hear no more,
Save in our dreams, it echoes o'er and o'er.

My garden! when the world was dark and cold,
And troubles gathered thickly round my way,
I wandered there my feelings to unfold,
'Twas there I knelt upon the ground to pray.
In that old garden thro' the maze of years
I scan life's pages blurred with mists of tears.

While Sister Wells' children were
young she devoted herself almost ex-
clusively to her home. She sang in the
choir at the Old Tabernacle, and her
literary work also went quietly on. She
was always deeply interested in people,
in the culture of the youth and in the
progress of communities and nations;
the advancement of her sex being with
her a favorite theme. When the women
of Utah were enfranchised in February,
1870, she was one of the first to wield
the ballot and to recognize in the event
one of the signs of a new era.

About this time she began to devote
herself more to public affairs. In 1873
her writings appeared in the *Woman's
Exponent*, which had been established
June 1, 1872. This paper from the first
advocated suffrage principles. Sister
Wells wrote over the *nom de plume* of
"Blanche Beechwood." In 1874 she
lent occasional assistance in the editor-
ial department, and on the first of May,
1875, was regularly installed as assistant
editor. In July, 1877, when the editor,
Sister Lula Greene Richards, retired on
account of family cares, Sister Wells
succeeded her at the head of the paper.
She has been the sole editor of the
Exponent for over a quarter of a century.

She early became interested in the
Relief Society, concerning the character
and purpose of which she was well in-
formed through her intimate association
with "Mother" Whitney, who had been
counselor to Sister Emma Smith, the
first president of the Society at Nauvoo.
While discharging her editorial duties
she traveled extensively in Utah and
surrounding parts in the interest of the
Society, with Eliza R. Snow, Zina D.
H. Young and other leading sisters. She
also aided in organizing Young Ladies'
and Primary Associations. In October,
1876, under President Young's counsel,
she took the initiative in a movement

for storing grain against a day of famine, and was appointed chairman of the Central Committee organized for that purpose. This was the year of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Eliza R. Snow, having been appointed by the authorities of the Centennial to take charge of the work of the Utah women in connection with that event, selected Emmeline B. Wells as secretary.

Her well known interest in woman's suffrage had by this time brought her to the attention of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, and she had been appointed in 1874 its Vice-President for Utah. Thenceforth she was destined to be active in public duties of a general character. She was a member for several years of the Territorial Central Committee and of the Salt Lake County Committee of the People's Party, and in 1882 a member of the Constitutional Convention.

Her first public work outside of Utah was her attendance, by the urgent solicitation of Susan B. Anthony, Sara J. Andrews Spencer and other women of national repute, at the convention of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, held at Washington, D. C., in January, 1879. She was accompanied by Sister Zina Young Williams, now Sister Card. They were well received by the convention, where they spoke from the platform, and by President and Mrs. Hayes, whom they visited at the White House. They presented to the President and to Congress a memorial, asking for the repeal of the anti-polygamy act of 1862, which had just been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1882 Sister Wells, with Sister Zina D. H. Young, attended the National Suffrage Convention at Omaha, and there gave an exhaustive paper upon conditions in Utah.

Three years later, in the very heat of the crusade under the Edmunds law, she attended another suffrage convention in Washington, and had interviews with prominent members of Congress upon the Mormon question. She also called upon and was graciously received by Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, President Cleveland's sister, then the lady of the White House, and conversed with her for over two hours upon the Utah situation. At parting Miss Cleveland requested another interview, naming the time. Sister Wells had previously visited, for the first time since leaving in 1844, her old home, brothers, sisters and other relatives in Massachusetts, and had called upon her kindred and noted people in various places. She dined with Lucy Stone, spent a day with the poet Whittier, and had tea and an interesting conversation with Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Homeward bound by way of Kirtland and Nauvoo, she had reached Kansas City when a telegram from Utah caused her to return to Washington, where with Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson, Sister Emily S. Richards and Sister Josephine Richards West, whom she had joined at Chicago, she presented a memorial of the women of Utah to the President and to Congress. The anti-Mormon opposition was then at its height, and the Supreme Court was hearing the case of the United States vs. Lorenzo Snow. These ladies listened to the entire argument. They called upon Senator Edmunds, Senator Ingalls, and other statesmen noted for their opposition to Mormonism, and left no stone unturned to impart correct information upon that subject and respecting Utah and her people. Sister Wells and Dr. Ferguson remained at the Capital until May, 1886, trying in vain to prevent the consummation of Mrs. Angie F. Newman's scheme for the

establishment of an industrial home for plural wives in Utah. Had Congress listened to the Mormon ladies the several hundred thousand dollars of public money spent upon this useless institution might have been saved.

In 1888, when Zina D. H. Young, after the death of Eliza R. Snow, was chosen president of the General Relief Society, Emmeline B. Wells became corresponding secretary; and when the Relief Society was incorporated, in 1892, she was elected general secretary, which position she still holds. In 1891 she went to Washington with Sister Jane S. Richards to attend the first session of the National Council of Women, Miss Frances E. Willard president, and it was then that the Relief Society became affiliated with the Council.

Two years later came the World's Fair at Chicago. It was largely due to the efforts of Sister Wells, as chairman of the women of Salt Lake county in preparing for the great event, that the ladies, Gentile, Jew and Mormon, united in making such a creditable showing at the international exposition. A prominent feature of the Fair was the Congress of representative women, whose chairman, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, recognizing the importance of the Relief Society and the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, used her influence to the end that each of these organizations held department meetings in connection with the Congress during the first week of its session. At the Relief Society meeting, Sister Wells gave a paper which was widely copied and quoted, upon "Western Women in Journalism," also speaking upon the storing of grain, an entirely new feature in woman's work. By appointment of the general committee of the Congress, she presided over one of the general

meetings, held in the Hall of Columbus.

In 1895 she represented Utah at the National Woman's Suffrage Association Convention in Atlanta, where her address upon our Territory's prospective admission to statehood was so enthusiastically applauded that Miss Anthony came forward and embraced her upon the platform. At the National Council held at Washington in February of the same year, she read a paper entitled "Forty Years in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake," which was reproduced in the leading journals. While there she urged members of Congress to promote sericulture in Utah, and to grant the petition of the Territorial legislature asking that the Industrial Home be given to the women of Utah for a hospital.

When Sister Wells returned home the Constitutional Convention was in session. A meeting of ladies, woman suffragists, at which she presided, was at once held, and steps taken to secure the equal suffrage plank as a part of the State Constitution. That these efforts met with success was due in no small degree to her activity and influence.

Upon the abandonment of the old political lines, Sister Wells declared herself a Republican, and was selected by that party for chairman of the Utah Woman's Republican League. She was a member of the Republican Territorial Committee, and afterwards vice-chairman of the State committee. Just before statehood came she was nominated for the Legislature to represent Salt Lake county, but withdrew (under protest) when the question arose of the ineligibility of women to hold office prior to the signing of the Constitution by the President of the United States.

In 1897 she represented Utah at the National Suffrage Convention in Des

Moines, and with Miss Anthony and other ladies, spoke upon the suffrage question before the Iowa legislature in the Senate chamber. She also attended executive meetings of the National Council of Women in Chicago, Omaha, New York and Minneapolis, receiving at the last named place an appointment on a commission of three for woman's work in Cuba, Hawaii and the Philippines.

Up to 1899 Sister Wells had never left her native land, but that year she crossed the Atlantic, and attended the Woman's International Council and Congress in London, where with other delegates she was entertained by the queen and the nobility at various great gatherings given in honor of the council. During this visit she addressed, by invitation, a great meeting at Convocation Hall, Deanery, Westminster Abbey.

In 1901, she witnessed, as the guest of Senator Kearns and wife, the inauguration of President McKinley, and took part in the meetings of the International Press Association held about that time. She had previously been the official delegate of the National Press Association to the National Educational Convention in San Francisco. In 1902 she was again in Washington, at the National Woman's Suffrage Convention and the Triennial of the Woman's National Coun-

cil. She was the first western woman to be elected an officer of that council, holding for a three years' term, ending February, 1902, the position of second recording secretary. She has been a patron of the Council—a life position—since 1894, and is also a life member of the National Woman's Suffrage Association.

In the midst of this multiplicity of engagements, some of which have taken her almost to the antipodes, she has continued to discharge her editorial duties, with other important trusts and responsibilities. She has done much literary work outside her paper, has published books, and corresponded with many eminent people, both men and women. Her letters from authors, poets and other celebrities would in themselves make a charming volume. For the Columbian Exposition she edited "Songs and Flowers of the Watsatch," also a book of prose, "Charities and Philanthropies." Her poetic volume appeared in 1896. Its general style is suggested by its title, "Musings and Memories;" it is a book of beautiful and tender verse. Her next volume, which is copy-righted and ready for publication, will be issued as "Aunt Em's Stories." She has other books in preparation, which she hopes to bring out in the near future. *O. F. Whitney.*



ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

QUESTION: Paul, (I Cor. 14: 34, 35,) says: "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedi-

ence, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame for women to speak in the church."

Why do the Latter-day Saints ignore

the apostolic instruction and encourage the women to speak, exhort and bear testimony in the public meetings of the Church?

Answer: The following is the version which the Prophet Joseph Smith gives of the passage quoted above:

"Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to rule, but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to rule in the churches."

The Apostle Paul here addresses himself to a custom which obtained in his day. In those times the Jewish women wore veils in public, and when they entered the synagogue they removed the veils, since a separate place was pro-

vided for them which kept them from the gaze of those from without the places reserved for women. They were simply asked to respect the law and customs of the Jews.

The Prophet Joseph uses the word *rule* instead of *speak*. This change is important when it is known that in those days women, Greek priestesses, presided at the oracles and other religious rites, and therefore ruled in certain religious ceremonies. The Apostle Paul was addressing the Corinthians who lived in the center of Greece and no doubt a large part of those he addressed were of Greek nationality and disposed to confound the order of worship in their new faith with practices which existed in pagan Greece and by which women presided or ruled in the exercises of their religious rites.



RELIGION CLASS DEPARTMENT.

PLANS.

PRIMARY GRADE.

LESSON XI.

First Step. Song: "Come Along."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Priests. How chosen and ordained. Priests' quorum.

Fourth Step. Story of Jacob and his wives, Gen. 29. The journey. The experience at the well. The service and reward.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Sing we now at Parting." Prayer.

LESSON XII.

First Step. Song: "Come Along."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Priests (continued.) Duties.

Talk about their visiting among the saints and teaching them the Gospel, and the joys of such work.

Fourth Step. Story continued, Jacob's sons, Gen. 35. Jacob loved Joseph. The Dream, Gen. 37.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing. (See story in JUVENILE of Nov 1, 1902.)

Sixth Step. Song: "Sing we now at Parting." Prayer.

INTERMEDIATE GRADE.

LESSON XI.

First Step. Song: "Hope of Israel."

Second Step. Prayer

Third Step. Stake Patriarchs. How chosen and ordained.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Fourth Step. The Baptism of Jesus Matt. 3: 13-17. Memorize 16, 17.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: Doxology. Prayer.

LESSON XII.

First Step. Song: "Hope of Israel."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Stake Patriarchs (continued). The giving of blessings. (See Gen. 49.)

Fourth Step. The First Temptation in the Wilderness, Matt. 4: 1-4. Memorize 3, 4.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing. Draw out testimonies of inspired and prophetic patriarchal blessings. (See story following.)

Sixth Step. Song: Doxology. Prayer.

ADVANCED GRADE.

LESSON XI.

First Step. Song: "Praise to the Man."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. First Council of Seventy. Their ordination. Doc. & Cov. Sec. 107.

Fourth Step. The Gentiles. The two churches. John the Revelator Sealed writings. I Nephi chapter 14.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: Doxology. Prayer.

LESSON XII.

First Step. Song: "Praise to the Man."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. First Council of Seventy, (continued). Duties. Preside over quorums. Aid the Apostles. Travel among the Saints. Pre-side over missions. Doc. & Cov. Sec. 107.

Fourth Step. Marriage of Lehi's sons. Com-mand to depart. The brass ball. Trials by the wav. I Nephi 16.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: Doxology. Prayer.

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

A PATRIARCH'S PROMISE FULFILLED.

Many of the children of the Latter-day Saints have had their patriarchal blessings—all should have. They are often a guide and a help to us in the hour of trial.

The following incident was related to the

writer by Patriarch Wm. J. Smith a short time before he died:

"A young man, Elder S. ——— came to me one day for a patriarchal blessing. He had been called to go on a mission to the Southern States and desired me to bless him before he left for his field of labor.

"Accordingly I laid my hands upon his head and gave him such a blessing as the Spirit of the Lord prompted. Among other things I promised him that a hair of his head should never fall by the hand of an enemy.

"He left me feeling quite satisfied and in due time arrived at the mission and was assigned his field of labor.

"He had not been preaching very long until he met strong opposition, and people who could not meet the plain simple truths of the Gospel with scripture or argument resorted to violence.

"A strong mob was formed. They surrounded the house where he was staying, roused him from his slumber and hurried him off to the woods. Here they bound him hand and foot with strong ropes, while they sought a suitable place, or limb, from which they could hang him.

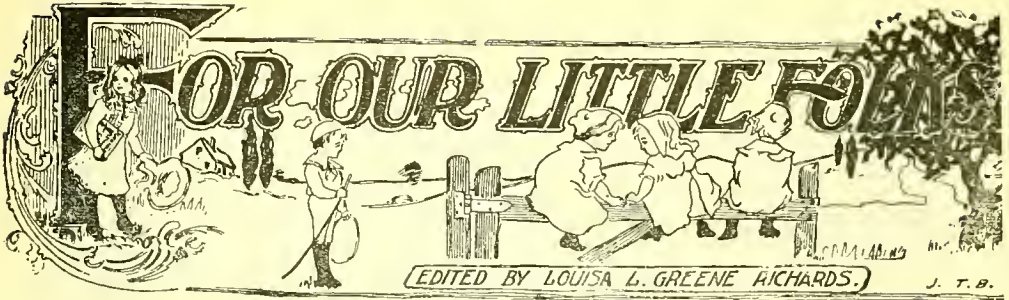
"In this dangerous position he chanced to recall the promise given in his patriarchal blessing.

"Rolling over so that his face was toward the ground, he prayed most earnestly to the Lord for deliverance. He reminded the Lord of His promise through His servant that not one hair of his head should fall by the hand of an enemy."

"His prayer was not interrupted, as he expected, by the return of the mob. For some cause they failed to agree in their original purpose to hang Elder S———, and simply scattered in different directions, leaving him alone.

"After a long delay Elder S——— succeeded in freeing himself from his bands, and finding his friends.

"On his return home Elder S——— paid me a visit which I greatly enjoyed, and during which he related this incident. Nothing could make him believe but that his escape from the mob was through the mercy and power of God, who honored and caused to be fulfilled the words of one of His servants."



FREDDIE'S BARREL OF APPLES.

THE Primary Association that Freddie belonged to was not a very large one. The officers told the children at one of their meetings, two or three weeks before Thanksgiving day, that they would have a "gift meeting" on the morning of that holiday. The gift meeting was to be one at which every little child might give something that would be a help to some poor person. They were to have songs and stories and recitations, all about thanksgiving and praise to the Lord for all His blessings, and also about the happiness that comes through striving to add to the happiness of others. The Primary president told the children that they were going to invite the "Mothers of the ward," that is, the officers of the Relief Society, to come to their Thanksgiving meeting. And just before the close of the meeting they would give those "mothers" a grand surprise, by turning their gifts all over to them, and saying they were to be divided among the poor people of the ward, with loving good wishes from the Primary Association.

The children were all delighted over the thought of such a good time as they would surely have.

Freddie, for one, the minute he got home, began to tell his mother all about it, and to tease for something very nice and good to take to the gift meeting. And very likely most of the others did the same.

Freddie's mother was a Relief Society teacher, but before he thought what he was saying, he had confided the whole affair to her. Then, when he did think, he charged her not to tell any other member of the society for anything, or the beautiful "surprise" the Primary was to make to the Relief Society would be all spoiled, and of course it would be all his fault, for not another child would mention it, he was sure.

So Freddie's mama promised not to talk about it, and also cautioned him to be more thoughtful and guarded, so that he would not tell others the secret. And she said she would help him to think what would be nicest for him to take, that they could spare.

When his father came home from work, Freddie told him of the gift part of the meeting, but he was careful this time not to mention that the Relief Society were going to be in it.

Freddie's father had a fine, young apple orchard, and was making quite a nice little sum of money from the apples he was selling that fall. He was a kind-hearted man, and was very glad to see his little son so eager to take part in so good a thing as the Primary gift meeting for Thanksgiving day.

"Freddie," he said, "how would it suit you to take that small barrel that the lime for the wheat came in, dust it out well, and fill it with some of our fine apples for a gift?"

"Oh, papa!" cried Freddie, "that's the best thing that could be. I like ap-



"PLEASE DON'T HURT MY BABIES."

ples best of anything, and I guess everyone does, too. I wish Thanksgiving day would come tomorrow."

But when Thanksgiving Day came there was something that bothered Freddie, and made him feel not quite so happy as he wanted to. He had a little neighbor friend named Otto, who was in trouble, and that troubled Freddie.

Otto's parents did not feel as Freddie's did. They told their little boy that they were poor themselves, and had to work hard to live, and he could have nothing for the Gift Meeting.

Freddie felt very sorry for his friend, for Otto was a good boy in Primary, and thought a great deal of the officers, and the lessons they taught him, and was much grieved that he could not take part in the Gift Meeting.

Freddie sat thinking soberly, when his father looked at him and asked,

"What about your barrel of apples, my son? How are you going to get it to the school house? You see I've let the team go without thinking of your meeting."

Now here was another trouble. But presently a bright thought came into Freddie's mind and he said cheerily,

"I know what, papa! I'll tell you. Otto and I can take the barrel over in the wheelbarrow. That way Otto will earn part of the apples, and I'll let him give half and I'll give half. It won't make any more apples for the poor, but it will make another boy happy, and that helps, see!"

"I think that is a very kind thought of yours, Freddie," said his mama. "If you can do that you will be glad papa sent the team off, I suppose. You have felt so bad for Otto."

The wheelbarrow proved to be all right for the barrel to be taken to the school house in, and the two little boys

found they were able to wheel it over as Freddie thought they could.

And wasn't Otto pleased that after all a way had been opened for him to share in the happiness of the Gift Meeting! He could not thank his little friend enough for his kindness. And Freddie said,

"Oh, it's all right, Otto, I couldn't help its coming that way, you see the horses were gone, I didn't do it!"

What a good meeting they had! And how every body did enjoy it! When Freddie and Otto went home, their apples had already been divided out and they found it much easier wheeling the empty barrel in the wheelbarrow than it had been wheeling the barrel of apples. They had great fun all the way.

Freddie's mother had been at the meeting, but she rode home with a neighbor, and got there before Freddie. When the little boy came, his mama said to him,

"Now Freddie, I hope you can amuse baby and take care of him a few moments while I get our dinner on the table."

"I think I can, mama, answered Freddie, and he rolled the barrel from the wheelbarrow onto the grass in the doorway. Then taking the small rope with which the barrel had been tied to the barrow to steady it, he tied the ends to the necks of two young dogs that he and baby often played with. He mounted the barrel, and taking his baby brother up in front of him, gave him the rope to hold as if it were the lines, and the dogs were horses, and Freddie swung a handful of grass, as if it were a whip.

The little boys laughed and chirruped to the team, and thought it great sport.

But the puppies were not used to that kind of play, and were much frightened. So they yelped and cried and twisted about, and made their mother dog think

they were really being hurt. She looked up at Freddie very pleadingly, as if to say,

"Oh, Freddie, you are such a nice boy, please don't hurt my babies, will you?"

And another puppy dog, was so scared at the noise that it peeped cautiously around the barrel, and did not dare to jump about and play as it usually did when the children came to have fun with them.

The laughing of the children and the crying of the puppies made such a noise that Freddie's mother came to the door to see what was going on.

"Why, Freddie!" she said, "you are frightening your dogs nearly out of their senses. That's not being kind, it is very unkind. Untie those puppies, and you and baby come in now. Papa wants you, and our Thanksgiving dinner is ready."

"I'll feed the dogs first, mother, before I eat," said Freddie, after untying them. "I'm sorry I scared them, but maybe they'll forget it when they get to eating their Thanksgiving dinner."

L. L. G. R.



TO THE LETTER-BOX.

Three stories from the Emerson School, Brigham City, Utah:

Story of a Dog.

Major, a large spaniel, and his master, Ben, were out hunting ducks. Major was on a little hunt of his own, when he heard a distressing cry come from his master. He ran quickly to the spot to find his master, Ben, in water to his chin, and a large snake swimming towards him. Major sprang into the water, seized the snake and swam to shore. The dog was bitten by the snake, and in two days afterwards he died;

but the faithful animal had saved his master's life.

MAY JENSEN, age 13.



About a Spider.

One day while walking along, I found a large spider, which to examine, I put into a box. It would sit very quiet all day and would not eat any thing I put in for it. It stayed there many days with no food to eat so I let it out. It could hardly move but it made a web and soon caught a fly and ate it with a relish.

DAGMAR OLSEN, age 13.



"Saved his—Meat."

A lady in this city trained her dog to go to the meat market to get meat. One day the trusty animal was coming home carrying a little basket full of meat, in his mouth. Three other dogs took after him to get the meat. He set the basket down, and tried to keep the dogs from getting it, but could not. At last, all bleeding, he turned around and ate the meat himself, rather than let the other dogs have it.

BEATRICE NIELSON, age 14.



Had Measles.

COALVILLE, SUMMIT CO., UTAH.

This is my first letter to the JUVENILE. My oldest sister is taking it, and I like to read the little letters in it. I go to Sunday School, but I have not been for four Sundays as we have all had the measles. But I feel to thank the Lord that we are all well now, so I can go to Sunday School, Primary and Religion Class, as I like to go and learn all the good I can. I am ten years old. I would like to see some letters from my little friends in Coalville.

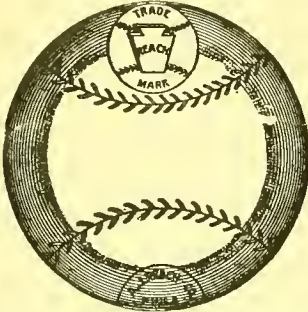
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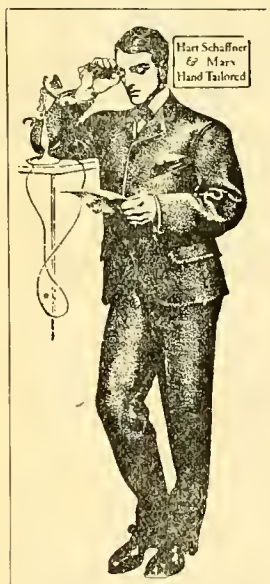
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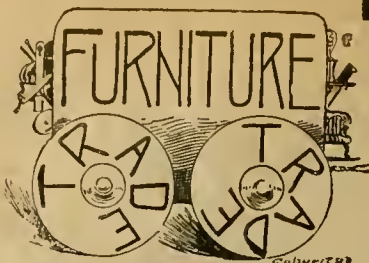
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